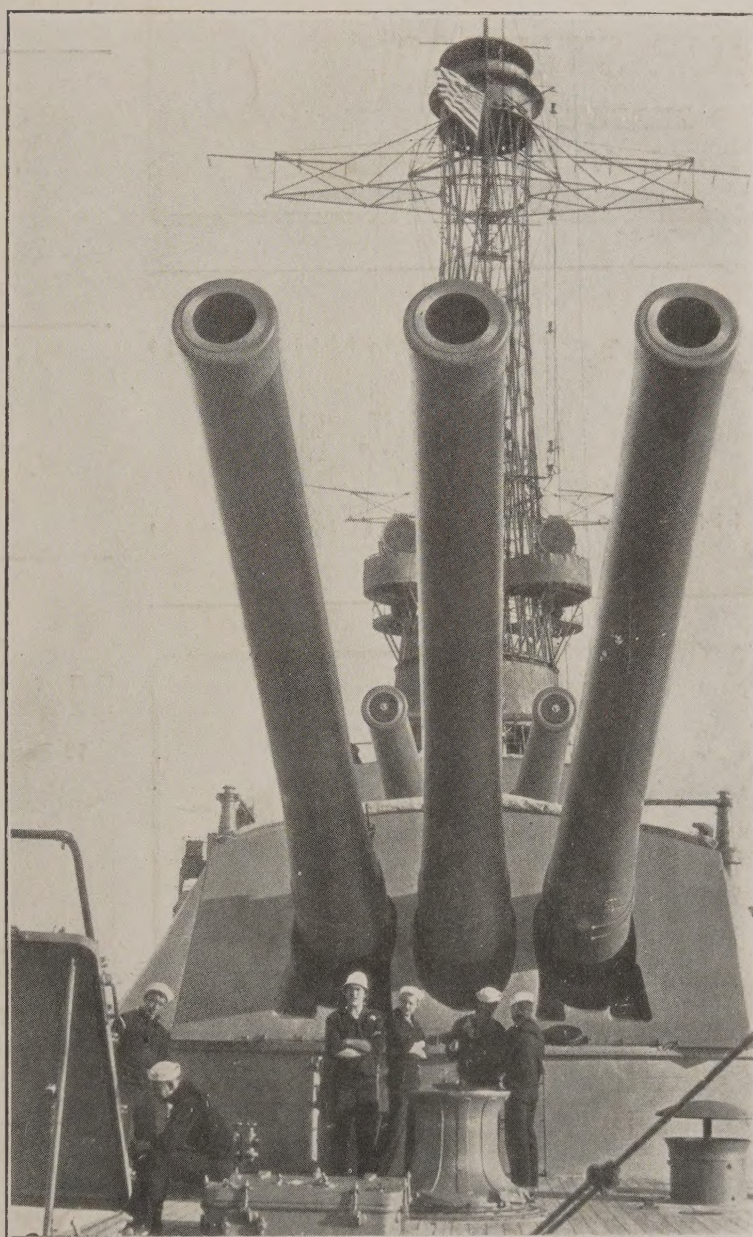


OCTOBER 15, 1918

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TOMPKINSVILLE STATEN ISLAND



*Published by the
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MINE SWEEPING DIVISION GOES OVER TOP FOR \$20,000 IN LOAN DRIVE

Gets This Amount in Ten Days After Drive Began, With Only One-quarter of Complement Heard From.

With more than \$20,000 in Liberty Bond subscriptions obtained from this division during the first ten days of the drive, indications point out that the Mine Sweeping Division will surpass all previous records in Liberty Loan subscriptions.

During the first five days of the campaign more than \$9,500 was pledged alone, and this in the face of difficulties, namely boats being at sea during working hours, and Liberty parties going ashore when the boats do get in.

Ensign Sanborn, the Liberty Loan officer, declared yesterday, that according to the present indications, this division will surpass any other in the Navy in the matter of per capita subscriptions before the allotted time for the drive is completed.

It is noteworthy to point out that some of the subscriptions received from men in the division range from \$500 to \$2,000, which, taking into consideration, the small amount of pay the men receive, compares more than favorably with the subscriptions of prominent civilians.

MINE SWEEPING BOYS TRIED TO BE HEROES, BUT ARMY WOULDN'T LET THEM

157 Volunteer for Fire and Rescue Party at South Amboy—Proceed to Scene of Disaster, but Find Army Has Situation Well in Hand.

Men of the Mine Sweeping Division played a part, although a small one, in the terrific explosion of the gigantic T. A. Gillespie shell loading plant at Morgan, N. Y., which occurred at 7.40 p. m. October 4, and which spread ruin and devastation in its path.

The concussions from the explosions continued to rock Tottenville, Princess Bay, Stapleton and Tompkinsville up until 2 p. m. October 5, and spread terror among many residents living on the lower end of the island.

When the explosions first were heard at the Mine Sweeping Division on the night of October 4, Lieutenant Scully, then on duty, called up various police officials and authorities and volunteered the assistance of the division. As a state of chaos existed, recipients of these offers did not know if the assistance was needed.

Sweepers to the Rescue.

Word was received, however, the following day at about 1.30 p. m. that refugees from the demolished Jersey townships were coming to Stapleton, Tompkinsville and Tottenville.

Soon after this, police officials communicated with the division and stated that a boat might be used to good advantage in removing the refugees from South Amboy and surrounding places.

Boatswain Griffin, of the Lowell, heard this and immediately volunteered to take his boat over with a fire and rescue party. Volunteers to compose this party were called, and of the 180 men then at the base and on the various vessels in port, 157 volunteered to go. Fifty of these were taken and were about to board the vessel, led by Ensign Barry, when Lieutenant Johan E. Menander returned from official business in New York and took command.

The party left the base at 3 o'clock and arrived at South Amboy at 5.20 p. m., where the rescue boat tied up alongside a big coal dock, which had been deserted by workers following the first explosion. The coal dock was three miles from the Gillespie plant, and before permitting the men to go ashore Lieutenant Menander and Ensign Smith went in an automobile as near as possible to the scene of the disaster.

their ragged black stumps silhouetted against the smoke-blackened sky.

"Furniture and household possessions littered the streets, and hundreds of refugees constantly passed with their few possessions tucked under their arms or carried on their backs in blankets and sheets.

"We saw more than fifty foreign laborers marched down through the streets under heavy guard. These men had been in the safety vaults of the Morgan plant all through the catastrophe, too frightened to move. They had been forcibly ejected from these caves by National Guardsmen and were being marched to a place of safety.

"I saw one old man, who could not have been less than seventy years old, sitting on the steps of what was left of his home. He refused to move, and sat there stoically, in spite of falling glass, shell splinters and the powder-laden air. In spite of his remonstrations that 'this house has been my home for nigh-on-thirty years,' he was forcibly removed by the soldiers.

"Occasionally we would see an arm or a leg, and sometimes a head sticking out from under the debris of a house which had crumpled like a pack of cards.

Ambulance Drivers, Heroines.

"Too much cannot be said for the heroism of the women ambulance drivers. They were wonderful! Falling glass and the bursting shells, as well as the debris that littered up the roads, failed to stop them as they sped to



REFUGEES OF GILLESPIE PLANT EXPLOSION FLEEING FROM SCENE OF DISASTER BEING FED BY NAVAL RESERVE.

Refugees, their homes destroyed by the explosion at the munitions plant of T. A. Gillespie Company, Morgan, N. J., leaving the scene of disaster in a wagon, were fed along the line by members of the Red Cross and men of the army and navy. In this instance a member of the Naval Reserve is distributing eatables to a mother and her children.

The casualty list to date numbers 94 deaths, with about seventy-five injured. The fire has been extinguished by a heavy downpour of rain and lack of fuel to feed on.

Ensign Smith Describes Horrors.

Concerning the trip through the stricken towns, Ensign Smith said:—

"Scenes in the towns in the vicinity of South Amboy can best be likened to a Belgian city after a bombardment. The streets were literally paved with glass. The entire fronts of buildings were blown out, and chimneys and smoke stacks were broken off, leaving

hospitals and first-aid stations with the wounded.

"I saw, at a first aid station, a girl who had been driving an ambulance and who nearly had her eye put out by a shell splinter. The splinter had imbedded itself in her right cheek bone, making a nasty open wound. Just as she was about to be attended

(Continued on page 19.)



LIEUT. JOHN J. SCULLY

Night Duty Officer, Mine Sweeping Division, and his two sons now in the service. They are John M., Lieutenant Q. M. C., U. S. A., and Leander W., Machinist's Mate, 2d Class, U. S. N. R. F.

LIEUT. SCULLY HAS TWO SONS IN UNITED STATES SERVICE.

Eldest, John M., Lieut. in Army, Now in France—Youngest Boy in Navy Engine School.

Lieut. John J. Scully, night duty officer at this division, has the distinction of having two sons in the service. The eldest, John M. Scully, twenty-nine years old, is a lieutenant in the Quartermasters' Corps of the U. S. A., now in France, while the younger boy, Leander W. Scully, twenty-four years old, is in the navy and a student in the Steam Engineering School of Stevens Institute.

Lieut. Scully, Sr., enrolled in the Naval Reserve Force, March 7, 1917, being among the first in this district to join the colors. His son, John M., received his commission as lieutenant in the Quartermasters' Corps last January and will soon be promoted to captain. The youngest boy joined the navy last July.

Mr. Scully, night duty officer in charge, is a well known figure in harbor boating circles, having had more than thirty years' practical experience as master of various vessels in this naval

district. He has been identified prominently with the American Association of Masters, Mates and Pilots, an organization which promotes the welfare of the licensed man. Previous to his enlistment in March, 1917, he was manager and secretary of the United Harbor, No. 1, A. A. of M., M. & P., and acted frequently as national organizer in various marine centres of this country.

SCHOLASTIC GIVES LIFE IN FRANCE FOR HIS COUNTRY

His "Buddy" Writes Touching Message to Mother of Hero, Telling of Son's Death in Belleau Woods.

The following communication, written in the front line trenches in France, to the mother of a now deceased soldier, one of the first to go "over there," has been placed in the hands of the editors of the Mine Burst for publication. The letter was written by Sol Segal, a soldier in the same company, a close friend of the boy who gave his life for his country.

An interesting side light concerning the death of Private Spearing, and the subsequent letter to Mrs. Spearing

from Segal is related by a close friend of both youths.

When the war broke out young Spearing was studying for the priesthood in a theological seminary. Segal was studying to be a rabbi. The call to arms was sounded, and both left their ecclesiastical studies and volunteered in the ——— regiment.

Segal and Spearing had been life-long friends, and when at Belleau Woods, Spearing laid down his life, Segal at once sat down and wrote the following letter to his "buddy's" mother:

At the Front, September, 1918.

Dear Mrs. Spearing:—

There is grief in my heart and in the hearts of all my comrades for the great sorrow that this war has brought to you and to us. We all unite to express our heartfelt sympathy and condolence to the mother and family of one who has fallen in a cause as imperishable as will be the names of those who have fallen to defend it. Should there be anything my comrades and I can do to mitigate your grief and to allay your sorrow—some little keepsake of Walt as a marine, perhaps; but name it, dear lady, and it shall traverse the ocean to you.

Because you do not know me, please do not think it presumptuous for me to write, you are Walter's mother—I was his inseparable friend and comrade; that makes us two kindred souls in common grief for our nearest and dearest. Then, too, this letter fulfills a duty that I am bound by oath and will to perform. Many months ago Walt and I promised each other that, should the "God of battles" call to one, the other would console the sorrowing mother. Now Walt has gone West to home and to you forever, but his figure, his voice, his wonderful personality, will always be living truths to me. I, myself, should the great call come, will go gladly, confident of a reunion and with faith in the eternal truth of that cause for which I die.

Beneath the green in Belleau Woods forever connected with the "Honor of the marines," lies Walt with two comrades, dead on the "field of honor." Above their graves the stately pines sway in their grandeur, an imperishable monument. But greatest of all epitaphs is that engraved within the hearts of his comrades. "A man, than whom there was no peer in kindness, in understanding, in comradeship, beyond compare." We alone know what could have been had circumstances so willed it. Whatever befall, whatever sorrow fills us, one thing I swear to you here, hard by that lonely grave, the very paper that I write upon taken in a captured German dugout—I swear that Walt is well avenged, that he has not died in vain, for his spirit leads us on to ultimate victory. You are proud, I know, for you are the mother of a martyr—martyr in a holy cause, freedom and liberty.

Dear lady, the very thought that you are in grief tears my heart. Do not sorrow, death, after all, is not terrible, and here—way, here it is glorious.

Mother, in the name of the 23d Company, in the name of the Marines, I salute you, and all my comrades salute you. Devotedly,

SOL SEGAL.

Make Yourself at Home.

If you were allowed to throw butts, matches, etc., on the floor at home, do so here.

If you were allowed to return from a theatre party in the wee small hours and begin to rouse up the folks by slamming doors, shifting beds, etc., why, certainly, do so here.

It is our earnest desire to make you feel at home while you are here.

SPARKS THAT FLY

— BY TOM BARRY —

All for a Nickel.

In the subway for a nickel:—
 A son of Sunny Italy will share his garlic with you freely.
 A lady you don't know will be pressed close to your uniform.
 A fat, red-faced person will step on your pet corn.
 A slim gentleman will massage your ribs with his elbow.
 A style fiend will poke a hat pin in your eye.
 You will have considerable practice at balancing yourself.
 The doors will crease your pants by closing on them.
 The music of the guard's voice will sound in your ear.
 And you will have plenty of dust, but no air!

Famous Men.

We wonder if Adam should be included in the autobiography of Great American inventors.

Salutation Militaire!

Soldier returns home from a regimental banquet at midnight, meets wife at door: "Wife dear, I salute you." Wife O. S.: "I'll salute you in a minute if you don't get in the house."

Discrimination!

Man was made to "the image and likeness of God." Woman was made to the image and likeness of man.

Let's Be Kids Again.

Remember the days in the back lots
 When we played "one ole' cat"
 With Willie Jones and big Tim Potts
 Without even a coat or a hat?
 How we used to fight o'er choosin'
 Over who should play first base
 And we'd skin when we were losin'.
 To help us win the race?
 When we styled ourself "Young Giants"
 And thought we'd rise to fame—
 And we tried to play with science
 And did too—just the same?
 And how we used to sneak away
 From school to Jones'ies field
 To catch ball the life long day
 Till the weaker side would yield?
 Remember the day we played the champs
 And skunked 'em with round oo's
 Think of the way they blacked your lamps
 And tapped me on the nose?
 Think of how we then came home
 Victors, but sad and forlorn;
 Dog tired too, and bruised of bone
 With all thoughts of glory shorn?
 But 'twas all a part of boyhood days,
 Look back now to years ago
 When life was just a colored haze
 And we could come and go?
 Forget for now the hum and strife
 And law of books and pen
 Come ole' scout, turn back in life,
 And let's be kids again!

Retort Courteous.

Mr. Newlywed: "Darling, where's the garbage for the janitor?"
 Mrs. N. (angrily). "You've eaten everything else in the house. I suppose you've eaten that, too?"
 Mr. N. (sweetly) "Yes, dear, I have eaten a great deal of garbage since we've been married."

What War Means!

The explosions, the ruin and devastation,
 That descended from the Heavens, raining
 Molted leaden hail, death and
 Agony upon the helpless populace of
 South Amboy and the other
 Jersey townships, is just a small
 Sample of What War Can Be.

Yet for more than four
 And one-half years, the peoples of heroic
 France and bleeding Belgium, ground under the
 Heel of the invader, have been visited
 With just such sufferings, privations
 And sacrifices.

Do you still hesitate in subscribing to
 The Fourth Liberty Loan?

ENSIGN FIELDMAN'S DAUGHTER MARRIES LIEUT. JURKOPS.

War Wedding Celebrated at Home
 of Ensign Fieldman, of this Division—Groom Soon to Sail
 Again for France.

Miss Helen Fieldman, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Ensign William F. Fieldman, U. S. N. R. F., attached to the U. S. S. Foam, was married at 7 p. m., October 7, to Lieut. M. A. Jurkops, U. S. N. R. F., at the home of her father, 119 Corson avenue.

The bride was given away by her father, and the wedding march was played while the couple walked under an arch of crossed swords made by brother officers of Ensign Fieldman.

More than seventy persons attended the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. J. Howard Brinkerhop, of New Brighton, S. I. The house was tastefully decorated and souvenirs were given to all the guests.

Following the wedding, the newlyweds repaired to a taxi and discovered that tin cans and old shoes had been made fast to the stern of the vehicle. Chalk marks written on the side of the cab announced to the world that the couple were "Just Married" and had all "the best intentions in the world."

The guests followed the couple to New York, where in some manner they located where the bride and groom were stopping. Telephone messages were in evidence all night.

In disgust, before morning, the newlyweds left the rendezvous and escaped by a rear entrance, proceeding to Virginia on a week's honeymoon. At the completion of this, Lieut. Jurkops will sail for France. He had already been across more than twenty times.

Wedding Bells.

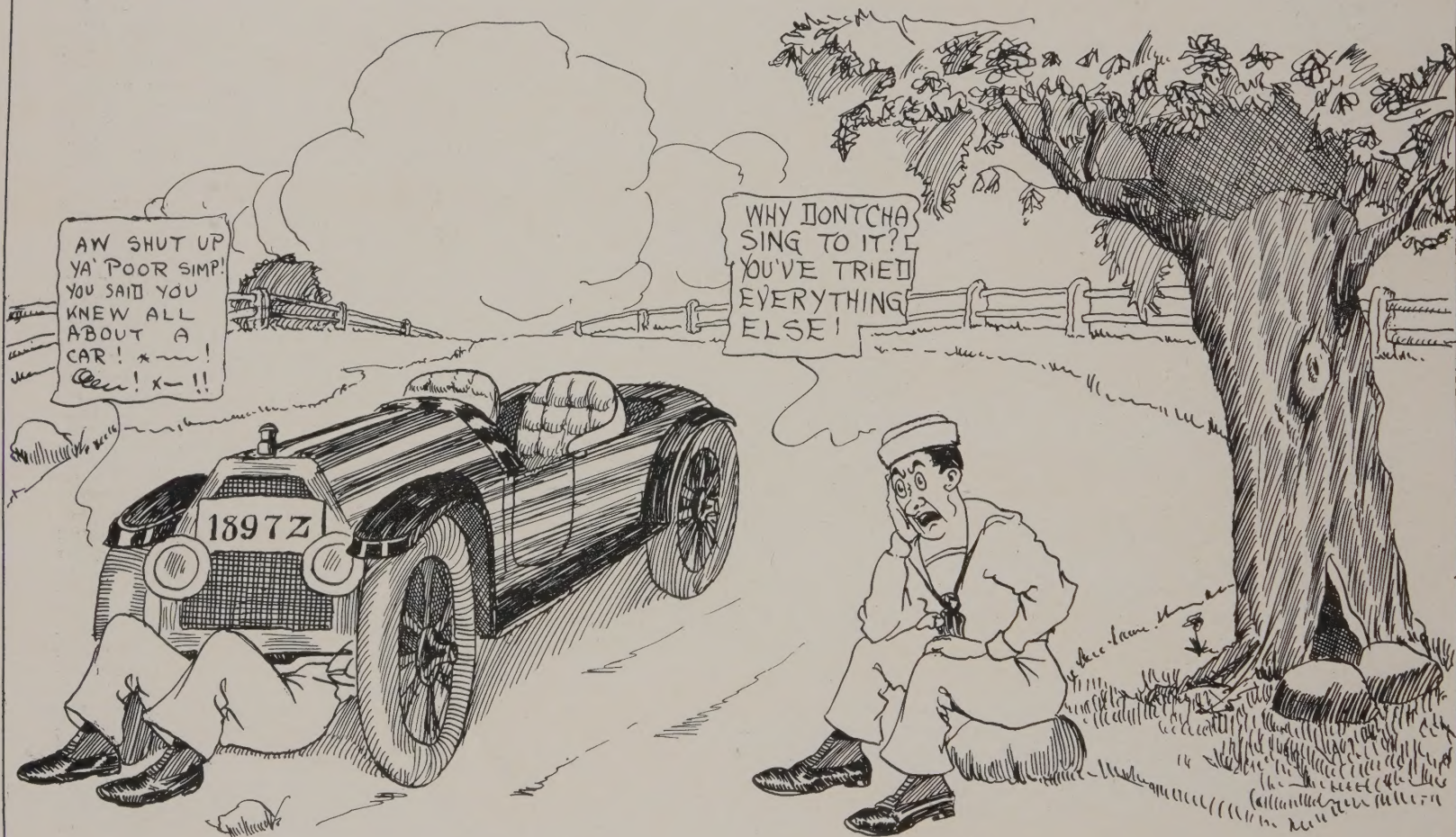
At last the question is solved! The boys in the barracks have been wondering why Uncle Charley's little Yeoman, Jack Capecci, every night would make a wild rush to Jersey City. At last the secret is out. Jack has been stopping for the past two months at "The Whittier House," on Grand Street, where there are many members of the fair sex also stopping. Recently at a social affair Jack's engagement was announced and he is shortly to be married to one of the young ladies who has been an inmate of this well known settlement house since it was built in 1879. Good luck to you, Jack, and may her money bring you plenty of happiness, and may you soon have a little Whittier House of your own.

"IN FLANDERS FIELDS" MOST FAMOUS POEM OF WAR

In Flanders fields, the poppies grow
 Between the crosses, row on row,
 That mark our place; and in the sky
 The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
 Scarce heard amid the guns below.
 We are dead. Short days ago
 We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
 Loved and were loved; and now we lie
 In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
 To you, from failing hands, we throw
 The torch. Be yours to lift it high!
 If ye break faith with us who die
 We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
 In Flanders fields.

This poem was written by Lieut. Col. John McCrae of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces. It has been declared the greatest poem of the war. Col. McCrae died at Boulogne, France, January 28, 1918.



Bits From Mess Hall.

After nine months of strenuous labor breaking dishes and making the life of the Chief and "Happy" a burden, the "Culprits' Squad" 1, including the "Bloomfield Terrier," H. Cullen, the "String Bean," Dizzy Loeb and the commanding "ossifer" of said squad, "Die-hard Voss," have been shipped at last.

It would have made our O. D. green with envy had he seen the way said squad lined up and marched down to their new home, S. P. 247, Ha-ha! Oh Dan! Can you imagine it?

Our champion basket-ball puncher, Mike, developed an inclination to learn cooking and was detailed to the galley for a few days to relieve the pressure there owing to the absence of a couple of our appetite-discouragers.

Charlie Johnson, our smoky base-ball rooter, received quite a shock the other day when the chief told him to report to Ensign Smith for sea duty, and was told he should get ready to leave on the U. S. S. Cuckooloo, bound for foreign waters. Well, boys, you should have seen poor Charlie's face when he heard the verdict. It was a regular cock-tail of colors, yellow predominating. Charlie's comments to the chief later were: "Ah don' wanna go on no boat, boss. Dis hyah li'l ole job is good enough for me and if dey puts me on one of dose li'l boats, Ah'll jes stick mah finger down mah throat and make mahself sick so ah can't do no cookin' a-tall. No sah boss."

Needless to remark the above was only a joke.

Charlie Johnson must be related to the duck family, he is always ducking the work in the sink.

Dizzy Brooks received a letter from a fair damsel. She ends the letter with "Please don't let anybody know that I know you."

Our tailor, and barber, haven't slept in the barracks for so long a time, that they forgot how to lay their mattresses down last night.

THE PAY OFFICE BULLETIN

By Old King Cole,

A "bird in the hand gathers no moss," so here goes for the "rolling stone that's worth two in the bush."

Whether or not it is because "Salty" Umbach is trying to disguise himself, and doesn't wish us to print nice things about him, or whether it is that he envies old boy King's mustache, but Julius says that he is going to have an excess growth on his upper lip if it takes him a year. You might succeed in that length of time Julius, who knows.

Paymaster Hobbs was speechless for once in his life when the boys of the Pay Corps and Base Eight office presented him with a small token in appreciation of his recent connections here. In fact so surprised that he put a cigarette in his mouth cork-end out and even tried to light it—and succeeded.

Chief Yeoman Upchurch still has the "gimmies," the latest being gimmy a match.

The "hit" of the pay office—Woolley's pajamas.

Eli Charney, our Mexican Jumping Bean, Yeoman, who hails from East New York, reported back from lunch

one afternoon last week and looked as though he had just gone "over the top," for he was all bound up with a month's supply of perfectly good gauze. Upon investigating Eli's case it was learned that he had sustained a slight burn on the palm of his hand by a lighted cigarette, and feared he would become afflicted with Spanish influenza.

We wonder what Paymaster Buckman is going to do with his sword. It might come in handy as an envelope opener, or can opener. Who can tell?

Cy Morgan:—We won't mention any names, but a certain Yeoman in this office by the name of Levy desires to know who the young lady at Vanderbilt 2,000, Ext. 95, is? He further states that he be put "wise," and implores you to advance him the information secretly, as he doesn't want anyone else in on it.

"Rube" Natelson had the boys up to his home one night last week to dinner, and after being introduced to his congenial little sister, the first thing she wanted to know was why Reuben never brings home a copy of the "Mine Burst." Why is it, Rube?

Talk about musical radiators. Does anyone ever hear the ones in the Pay Office?

The boys in the Pay Corps extend their greetings to Ensign Fieldman on the marriage of his daughter Helen.

The dinner hour entertainment:—King seated at the piano rendering a minuet by Paderewski, or some one we are not acquainted with.

Harry Levy has beaten a well worn path between the office and the light-house lately. Wonder why? It must be that Harry has a couple of more cousins over that direction.

A "bird" in the office by the name of Smith salvaged a bottle of cologne from the pier of a certain Brooklyn ferry one day last week and took it upon himself to perfume the office with it. As a result the writer's wife refused to let him in the house, and poor Umbach was afraid to report home himself for fear that his wife would suspect something wrong. But the worst of all was the fact that Mrs. Upchurch was rather skeptical as to the story told her by her husband, Chief Upchurch, so as to see that Thomas went straight to the base and home again, she decided to accompany him here last Sunday. Together we die, so Thomas stick to your story.

SECTION BASE 8 HOSPITAL.

Ernest J. King, who has been attached to the electrical repair department for the last seven months under Ensign Sanborn, has been detached and transferred to the Naval Auxiliary Reserve Officers' Training School. "We miss you now that you have gone 'Ernie,' and our best wishes follow you."

Mr. Sanborn said yesterday: "In the last issue of your atrocity (he meant the Mine Burst) you quoted me as saying, 'we intend to pursue a policy of masterly inactivity as to the Mine Burst.' This may have aroused a more or less peculiar impression and I wish

to state in behalf of this office, that any time we can do any one for anything, we'll do 'em and do 'em good."

That versatile Frenchman, Chief Yeoman Sullivan, graduate of many colleges of diplomacy, and author of that famous publication entitled, "Neal of the Navy," or "Kneel in the Gravy," has "commissionists." We expect to see him in a Pay Master's uniform and smoking Meccas pretty soon.

"Rube" Marquard is now an electrical fixture, that is to say, Rube is attached to the electrical flotilla.

Forsythe, our wireless operator and ticket scalper, entrains at 12:30 Sundays. Drop in for luncheon any time.

Rumor hath it that at a recent dinner party one of the boys from the office passed the following: The hostess during a lull in the conversation said: "My cocoa is cold."

"Why don't you put on your hat," said our bright young friend."

Heir, our machinist, magician photographer, has applied for sea duty?—Not yet!

There is a certain individual in this office who suggests that Naturals be purchased rather than Piedmonts. The latter, he says, reminds him of Norfolk, a place fraught with sad memories and then, too, it is almost impossible to supply all hands with good cigarettes, since Salino has acquired a liking for the week.

CULLED FROM THE CULLEN.

Inasmuch as everyone thought what we wrote last issue was so good, we'll duplicate. It's like that bean joke, much in vogue at the time of the ancient flood.

The story runs that Father Abraham (not the Sands street tailor) had some Russian cavair in Solomon's grub dispensary, and after he tucked the first portion inside his beard, he said to the waiter:

"Garcon, duplicate."

And the waiter, who was none other than Daniel, who first appeared on Broadway in the thrilling meller-dramer, "The Lion's Den," brought him a plate of beans.

Ain't That Terrible?

Guess who? "Out on the lowing pampas (if the pamps' low) we used to r'de the ranges. It wasn't in the kitchen either; and we'd lasso cows with the rope; and we'd lasso the cow's husband with a rope, and throw 'em."

It's a sinch,
In a pinch,
That the Finch.

Might be, a Mine Sweeper.

But we allows,
And makes our bows (Gerald take notice)
To them highbrows,
We'd like to keep'er.

To all who knows the kites and gear,
There is a rim from ear to ear,
As some one whispers come here dear,
Her name's Virginia Creeper (Cullen).

All that prevents the Cullen from being a first line super-dreadnaught is the Cullen itself. Fair enough.

Gone to Cat Heaven!

The little black and white kitty-kat, the latest addition to our alley-rabbit guard, has departed this life. The grief of the mama cat, when she realized her loss, was only outdone by that of the war-hardened salts of building eighteen.

Abie the Agent at the Minesweepers

by Harry Hershfield

OF THE NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL

My Dear Minsk:—If the hotel clerk don't see me, I'll be able to finish this letter to you. I was going to use the Y. M. C. A. stationery by the Tompkinsville Mine Sweeping Division, but there they guard the writing paper with a sailor with a machine gun on his shoulder. But anyhow, the reason I'm writing to you, is because I went to hendle Manneh Goldman a visit up there—yeh, honest, he's in this mine sweeping business. When he used to work for me, I couldn't get him to sweep out the store at all—but for Huncle Sam and Companeh, he's a terrible worker. When you say "Mine Sweeping," it don't seem such a terrible hard work does it, Minsk—but efter looking around in Tompkinsville for a whole day, I seen enough. Mines you can't sweep up with a carpet sweeper, remember that olden top. You just get a daily order to clean up the ocean and you go out to do it with a boat and a shovel. In the first place, let me explain you them mines themselves. Them Hun fellers put them in the water to heng there, balloon like



till a ship smashes in to it. As they ain't got no ships on the water, them Huns, netcherl, or boats is the only ones that will get besplintered. So our boyiss got to go ocean cleaning every morning. Why they go out so early to sweep up is a heavy mystery to me—but maybe it's new inventions in this war, what makes them mines more intelligent? I don't hendle doubts on anything any more. Of course, you don't go hunting mines the same like you do a rebbits odder a bear. When you are trepping a animal, you follow where there footwork was and you follow him—till you ketch him in his house—and then, a couple of "bing bings" and you are carrying him home on your back. Mines don't work like that at all. Did you ever seen a mine exploding, Minsk? I never did either, but I can imagine—and how I love to "imagine" it. Well, when it hit and it begins to get wider than it was and each piece becomes a separate hemmer, then look out. Of course, it is getting more scientific like and they can tell one of excitable things a couple of miles away—of course, in the excitement, the look out



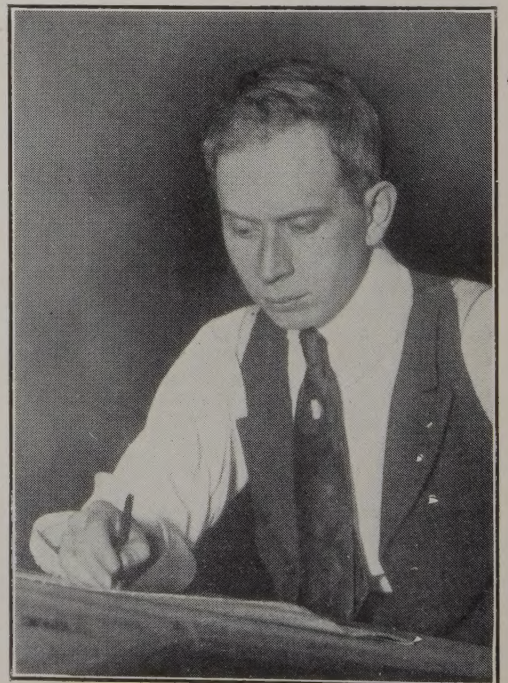
is picking out porpoises fish, old bathing suits and automobile tires—but it's better to make a mistake like that, than to walk up a live bomeh, thinking its a football that came off one of them Coney Island summer resorts. Anyhow, like I said, it's a heppeh life there and the boyiss look healthy and snepper and everything. They don't talk "shop" when they get through with the day's work. Efter a day's work they ain't in very much humor to discuss—Shakespeare and them kind of things. When you worked in junk yard, Minsk, I remember how terrible you used to look efter dregging all day around them parts of old baby carriages, girders and old iron horse posts—you proved you work hard and bitter the whole day—especial efter a rainy day when your stock on lvend was nice and rusty. That's why I never invited you out to swell benquets. But them boy'ss in Tompkinsville—how different they look and figuring in how much harder they work and braver the are than you. The only danger you was in, Minsk, is when you dropped part of an iron bed on somebody—and when he got well he sued you in court. But on a mine sweeper, efter they hall up a bomb, and accidental it goes downward against something concretish—well, there ain't anybody to bring into court. But all joking aside, olden top, these boyiss are in a dangerous brench of the service and only men that can stend that nervous work at in it. Every one of them is a regular "A" number One hero and I take off mine hat to them. But they don't mind it when they consider they are doing all this for the big cause what we are scrapping for. The ocean is a largish place and it's full with them Hunn'sh dangers to our boyiss what's being shipped across—but we ain't afraid of no waves odder anything underneath them. Maybe in the next big war, if it should heppen one, maybe there wouldn't be no ocean

no more—scientific methods might make a big asphalt place for automobile learners and them kinds of pests and we won't have to have no more mine sweeping to do. Remember, Minsk, the sailors what do it ain't complaining to me—they would probably have me mined, if they knew I was doing this—I am only telling you and the world—the whole world will know it, soon as you get a letter from me—anyhow I'm telling the world what great work is being done by the boyiss in this special brench. They are sweeping up the seas so that your boy Jake and my nephew Sigmund can go across safely. Personally, some of the mines ought to be left in the ocean, hidden and when some of the draft sleckers, start sightseeing, when the Europol war is over, should go across, they should bump (of course, accidental) into one of these war bombehs—who'll care, I'm eskig you? So all I esk of the boyiss at Tompkinsville, is not to be so conscientious in finding all them exploders—just keep open the road for our fighters and leave a couple of mines here and there for them yellowish guys! All I can say is, that my visit to Manny Goldman was full with enjoyment—only one thing he said to me that I can't figure out, when I came to his camping place. He said to me, "Now that you're here, you're invited." I can't write much more now, because the hotel clerk is talking to the hotel detective and pointing at me! A good-bye and good luck. Answer me soon as you find place in the writing room of the Biltmore!

Your olden pal,

ABE KABIBBLE.

P. S.—Mannie introduced me to a Ensign Tom Barry. I wasn't there ten minutes and he was calling me "Abe," by my first name—I wouldn't need a recommendation to get in the Mine Sweepers, with a friend like that in the navy.



Harry Hershfield

SMILES

A few negro stories contributed to "Mine Burst" by Arthur Aylsworth, of the "She Walked in Her Sleep" company, now playing at W. A. Brady's Playhouse, on Forty-eighth street:

An old colored woman was called before a committee to register her name and address to vote. The clerk asked her if she believed in woman's suffrage. She replied, "Ah most suttlenly does." He then asked her what party she was affiliated with. The old woman grinned from ear to ear and said, "Great Gawd, does I has to tell dat, too?"

In the South the negroes are only allowed in the galleries of the theatres, and at a certain time in the evening the doors are opened to them, and they fight like mad to get the best seats. One night at Savannah, after a riot at the gallery door, one negro staggered in with his head all cut and bleeding, and his hat in his hand. A friend said to him, "Look yonder, Sam, look at yer haid, it's all cut up and bleeding." Sam replied, "Haid, hell, look at my hat."

A colored musician once joined a minstrel show to play the trombone in the parade each morning, and the piano in the show. The company was playing the South during the rainy season, and every day for three weeks he was wet through with the rain while parading, so he left the show. A year later a few of the other members of the company went into a bar-room and saw a negro playing the piano, whom they recognized to be the trombone player. One of them went over to him and said, "Excuse me, but ain't you Eph Thompson, that played the trombone in Henery Minstrels last year in the South?" The negro never looked up, but kept playing the piano and said, "Great Gawd, didn't it rain."

A balloonist at a county fair in the South while up in the air failed to land in his parachute where he had planned, owing to the wind, and landed in a cotton field where a lot of negroes were busy picking cotton. When they saw the professor coming through the air towards them, all dressed in red tights with his medals glistening in the sunlight, they became frightened and ran away, except Old Mose, who was so crippled with rheumatism that he couldn't run. The professor landed right at the feet of Old Mose, who took off his cap and said, "Good monnin', Lawd, how'd you leave Pa?"

A traveler once in the South came to a stream and wanted to cross. He saw an old negro sitting in a boat and said to him, "Sam, can you row?" and Sam replied, "No, suh, ah cain't." The traveler then said, "Well I would like to get across the river," and Sam said, "Get right in and I'll take you over." The traveler stepped into the boat and Sam picked up the oars and started to row. The traveler said, "Look here, Sam, I thought you said that you could not row." Sam said, "Honest to Gawd, suh, I cain't row." The traveler then said, "Well, that is what we call rowing up North." Sam said, "Foh de Lawd Gawd, ah done thot yer mean't to ro' like a lion."

A negro soldier on the other side, after being on a raiding expedition to the German trenches, came in with two German prisoners, but said that he had captured three. The officer said, "Well, where is the third?" The negro said, "Ah'l tell you, suh, after I had started to bring in these Gur-

mans the third one kept stoppin' me and asking me if I was a married man and if I had a family, and if I ever expected to see them again? So ah up and done shot him; dat prisoner was breakin' mah heart."

It was at a dinner given by the boys of the garrison in honor of some returned heroes of the "Fighting Fifteenth." The sergeant who was booked to propose the toast "Our Regiment," had rehearsed his lines religiously to himself, but when his moment came he was nervous and said:

"Here's to the gallant Fifteenth, the last to reach the field and first to leave it!"

A heavy silence followed, until a corporal sprang to the rescue.

"Comrades," he began, "you must excuse the sergeant; he is not accustomed to public speaking. I will give the toast. Here's to the grand old Fifteenth—equal to none!"

Little Tobias had been told, with sundry sound slaps, that he was on no account to fight. So when he came in from school one day with, metaphorically speaking, "torn sails and shattered deck," his fond mother was riled.

"Tobias," she said, "where did you get that black eye? Didn't I tell you good little boys never fight?"

"Yes, an' I believe you, ma," said Tobias. "I was sure he was a good little boy till I hit him, then I found out he wasn't."

It was a hot day and two sailors had just been released from a long spell of duty on a mine sweeper. They made a bee-line for the first public house they saw, and one of them ordered two quarts of ale. The men emptied their mugs in one draught while the barmaid looked on in undisguised admiration.

The man who had paid stood for a second or two wetting his lips meditatively, and then turned to his comrade with a grin.

"Taint's so bad, Bill, is it?" he remarked. "Shall we 'ave some?"

A wife whose husband is in active service recently presented him with a bouncing boy. She wrote and asked him when he should get leave, also when the war would be over. He replied:

"Dear Maggie—I don't know when I shall get leave or when the war will be over, but if the boy should be drafted before I get a furlough give him a parcel of socks to bring to me."

An elderly American, who had never seen a football match, was persuaded by a young enthusiast to attend an important one. "Now," said the young man at the kick-off, "you will see more excitement for \$1.50 than you ever saw before."

"I have my doubts about that," remarked the American; "that's all my marriage license cost me."

A clever young lawyer was defending a man accused of housebreaking.

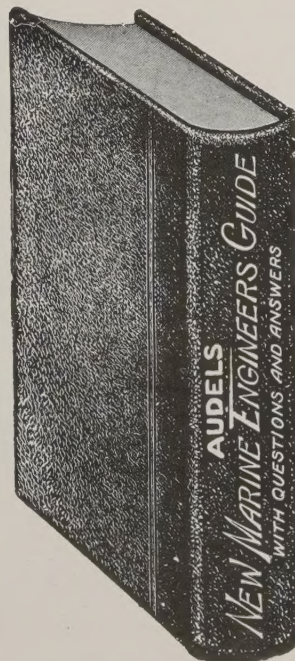
"Your honor, I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the parlor window open, inserted his right arm and removed a few trifling articles. Now, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish him for an offense committed only by one of his limbs."

"That argument," said the judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the defendant's right arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, just as he chooses."

The prisoner calmly unscrewed his cork arm and, leaving it in the dock, walked out.

In France a colored sentry halts a motor truck. "Who goes there?" "French army truck." "French army truck, pass." Later he halts another. "Who goes there?" "English army truck." "English army truck pass." Later a third is stopped. "Who goes there?" "Get out of the way, you long, lean, lanky —" "American army truck, pass," says the sentry.

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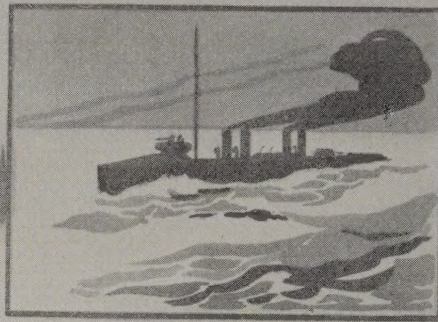
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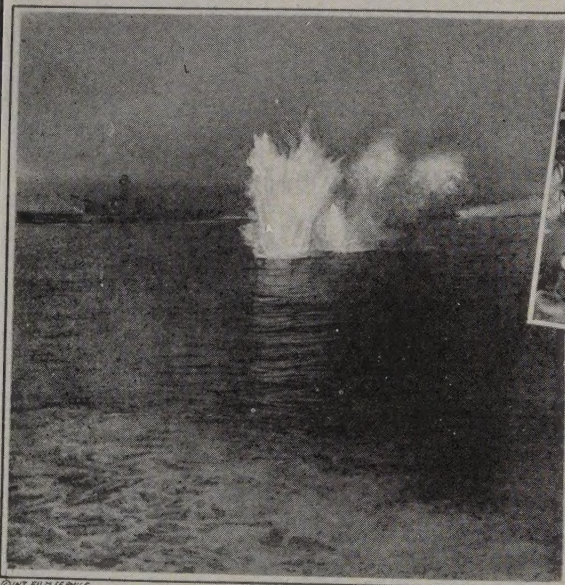
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SOME OF THE CZECHO SLOVAK ARMY, AMERICAN SAILORS,
AND IMMENSE CROWDS IN FRONT OF THE LIBERTY ALTER



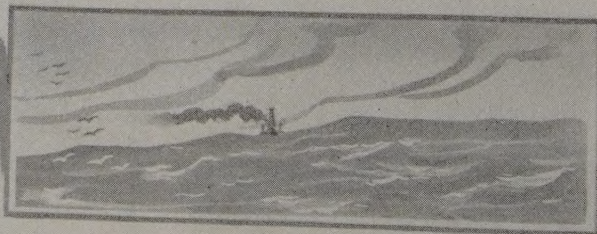
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GERMAN SHELLS BURST BETWEEN TWO
BRITISH MONITORS; BATTLE
OF ZEEBRUGGE



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"THE BLACK GANG"



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A SAILOR SENTRY. NOTE THE QUIANT BRETON
TOWN IN THE BACKGROUND



THE MINE BURST

A Journal for the Mine Sweeper

Published Semi-Monthly

By

The Mine Sweeping Division, U. S. N.,
Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y.

E. Goldman.....	Editor
J. R. W. Smith.....	Associate Editor
Tom Barry.....	Associate Editor
C. A. Blittghofer.....	Dramatic Editor
H. E. P.....	Sporting Editor

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UNDER DIFFICULTIES!

We feel more or less apologetic about this issue, because we have had to publish it under difficulties. The difficulties in question was the establishment of a quarantine at this base, because of a number of cases of Spanish influenza.

While the quarantine did not last any great length of time, nevertheless it was of sufficient duration to more or less limit the work to be done outside the confines of the base as to advertising soliciting, and the greater collection of interesting side lights on the great world war.

So, readers, bear with us a bit this issue, and next issue we'll surprise you.

KICKS!!

Staten Island, N. Y.,
October 6, 1918.

Editor, Mine Burst,
Mine Sweeping Division,
Staten Island, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I hope you will not take offense because of my remarks, but anyway here goes—Re—Poem (if it can be called such) "The Bugler."

I read the Broadside and other such magazines and have never yet come across such a foolishly egotistical poem as that one called "The Bugler," and written by himself and published in your magazine. Evidently he considers himself "it."

If you want to please the public, discourage amateur writers who talk so much about themselves.

Truly yours,

A. CEENY.

OUR APOLOGIES TO
BOATSWAIN EDMUNDS

We don't believe in retractions and apologies as a general rule, but we wish to make apologies for an article which appeared in our last issue under the caption of "Fresh Air Fiends."

The article dealt with Boatswain Edmunds, and was written by one of our correspondents. It was meant to be humorous, but unfortunately it was more annoying than humorous. How it escaped our watchful eye and jimmied its way into print we are at loss to know, but it was in poor taste.

We say here, that the editorial staff of this publication think a great deal of Boatswain Edmunds, and this is also true of everyone at this base

who know him. Consequently if this article caused him annoyance, we apologize.

Our felicitations to you, Joe.

THEY MAY USE THE PEN
AS WELL AS THE SWORD

Arouses Question as to When Navy
Men Will be Given Same
Privilege

Washington, October 4.—American soldiers will be allowed hereafter to write for publication and receive pay for their work. The General Staff announced to-day that the order prohibiting this has been modified to keep alive interest in individual achievements at the front and because practically all of the literary ability in the country has been called into service by the draft laws. The soldiers will not be permitted, however, to act as regular newspaper correspondents nor to write criticisms of conditions and activities.

AS THE "KITE" CAME UP!

BY NEIL SULLIVAN,

Excitement in the pay office! King's mustache caught in the typewriter, and for the next few moments the air was full of flying hair and hideous howls. Quick work by Harold Cole, who arrived early on the scene of the disaster, prevented a panic among the telephone operators, as Powell and Clancy were on the verge of hysteria.

Anna Malloy (that burst of sunshine who runs the switchboard for the lighthouse department) has a friend with one of New York's famous regiments now on the firing line. Anna says she can't understand what he is doing as he has only sent her eleven German helmets, and twenty-two of her relatives are asking for them.

If at first you don't succeed try, try, again. The little black kitten in the main office succeeded in falling down the gangway, breaking its neck.

There are a few cases of Spanish Grip at the Base. Armstrong, the hospital angel said there wouldn't be any if some dunce had not left the gate open and in-Flew-Enza. Help! That was new once!

Brown, the mail orderly, claims to be a direct descendent of George Washington. We always thought there was something about him resembling a two cent stamp.

Boatswain's mate Lloyd was seen hanging around the base Post Office last week, finally a sweet smelling letter was delivered to him and he hied himself to a quiet spot in the barracks to read same. All that we could hear from our listening post under the bunk was Lloyd murmuring to himself: "I knew I made a mistake." Never mind Lloyd, we all make mistakes; that's why they put rubbers on the ends of pencils.

Big Byers staggering in after a hard fight (not at the base), "Well Morgan how is the world treating you?" Morgan: "Not very often!" "Oh Bevo where is thy sting?"

Eddie Rosenberg's vocabulary: "Liberty; check; Adelaide."

Yeoman Stang attended a coming out party last week. One of his sailor friends came out of the brig in the Navy Yard.

WHEN WAR IS O'ER.

By J. R. W. SMITH.

When war is o'er, and I go home again

To take my place among my fellow men;

A landsman's life for me will be too tame,

So something new for me, and here's my game:

First of all, I'll buy a house and lot,

Near the ocean's edge, as like as not;

I'll go and take a wife, just five foot three,

One that has no chance of rating me.

And as long as I've a jitney in my jeans,

We'll work and love and live on Navy beans;

Changes in the fare bill will be few,

But we'll have beans and good old Irish stew.

In my back yard I'll build a tall cage mast,

With signal yard and crow's nest all made fast;

And just to keep in mind the good old times,

I'll plant my garden plot with German mines.

In winter, when the angry billows roar,

I'll fix it so they beat upon my door;

For without the ripping, roaring, mighty deep,

How could I lay me down in peace and sleep?

The Irishman came home beaming.

"Bridget," he said, "I've got a job."

"Glory be!" said Bridget, who was tired of supporting the family.

"I shall want a new suit," said Murphy then. "An' yez can pawn me nightshirts to get it."

"Your nightshirts!" gasped Bridget.

"Sure," said Pat. "An' what for should I be wanting them when I've got a job as night watchman and can only sleep in the daytime?"

The shabby looking man slouched into the silversmith's shop and halted before some fine silver cups.

"They're good specimens," he observed to the shopman.

"Yes, sir," answered that worthy. "They are to be given as prizes for races."

"Ha!" ejaculated the slouchy one, as he grabbed the largest and made for the door. "Then suppose we race for this one."

Mrs. Gubbins was a kindly soul. So when Miss Friol asked her, "Has Sarah Briggs said anything to you about me?" she tried to let her down gently.

"No, never," she answered. "If Sarah Briggs can't say anything good of a person, she don't never say nothing!"

KINNEY B. ASALOR

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DID YOU GET YOUR LIBERTY BOND YET?

By Goldman

PA-PA THIS IS
KINNEY B. ASALOR
OF THE MINE
SWEEPERS!



DO YOU ENJOY
THE CALISTHENICS
IN THE MORNING?

NAW WE DONT GET
NONE O' THAT STUFF
ALL WE GETS IS HAM
AN' EGGS AN' OATMEAL!



EMANUEL
GOLDMAN



WHEN THE RESCUE SHIP WENT AGROUND!!!

AT THE THEATRES AND MOVIES

By C. A. BITTIGHOFER.

"HEAD OVER HEELS"

"Head Over Heels," a lively and immensely pleasing musical comedy in two acts and three scenes, is now being played at the Cohan Theatre. It is produced by Henry W. Savage. The book and lyrics are by Edgar Allan Woolf and the music by Jerome Kern. New York audiences have taken very kindly to charming little "Mitzi," who is strongly featured in this production; in fact, the piece has been written especially for this talented little lady who has entertained us so successfully for the past two seasons in "Pom-Pom." This little actress is quite an irresistible comedienne and never fails to make a very favorable impression upon all audiences that she appears before. In her present offering the authors have provided her with excellent material to work with, and she is surrounded by a capable and very talented cast of prominent players, who all seem to work in harmony. The story of "Head Over Heels," though mild in dramatic worth, is very pleasing in its simplicity and true to nature makeup. It is a story of circus life and as "Mitzi Bambinetti" the charming little star appears as a member of a troupe of acrobats touring the country. In the play, Mitzi wins the object of her pursuit, an alert American with the attribute of constancy. During an engagement of the circus in which she is a performer she has been captivated by a roving young Don Juan from the States and she decides that life is only worth living near him. Coming upon him in New York she soon learns that he is wildly flirtatious, and that he is a man who is triumphantly impartial in affairs of the heart. She finds disillusionment, but not for long, for she wins the attention of his business partner, a conventional young man who sighs and sentimentalizes in the most approved musical comedy fashion. Between their meetings, Robert Emmett Keane, as a resourceful press agent, proved very amusing. His best moments came as a drillmaster of a chorus girl army, whose ages ranged "from 18 to 45." Charles Judels, as Signor Bambinetti, sang well, and Dorothy Mackaye was very pleasing as a society girl. One of the handsomest and cleverest choruses ever provided by Henry W. Savage, or for that matter by any other producer, is seen to the best possible advantage in this production.

"FIDDLERS THREE"

"Fiddlers Three," an operetta in two acts and three scenes, is now being played to capacity business at the Cort Theatre, on Forty-eighth street, New York city. There are very few plays in this day that omit mention or reminder of the war, and "Fiddlers Three" is a welcome exception. It does not attempt, like in many other plays produced here this season, to build up its weak spots by "pulling the flag on us," and the faithful patriotic finale is conspicuous by its absence. Instead, our ocular and auditory faculties are trained on a musical comedy of a now obsolete type, which was generally called an operetta. We know it is old-fashioned, because the lyrics fit into and assist in telling the story. The plot is of the variety which was fresh a decade ago. The scene is laid in Cremona, and the story is of three violin makers, who compete with their handiwork in an annual contest. An English fortune-hunting lord, a rich widow of a pickle manufacturer of Pittsburgh and a flip American are typical adjuncts. The old-fashioned story is frequently relieved by ingra-

tiating melodies, which were the work of Alexander Johnstone. The costumes and scenery, aided by a large cast of gifted singers, have much to do with the success of the play. Charming Louise Groody carries the feminine honors. She sings pleasingly and displays to advantage several beautiful dance numbers. Hal Skelley, as a facetious and intrepid salesman of egg beaters, which he says typifies the poetry of motion, carries the burden of the greater portion of the comedy on capable and very active shoulders. The musical numbers, with the exception of one or two, are truly very catchy and entertaining, and most of them received several encores. "Fiddlers Three" is well casted and cleverly produced and is certain of having a long and prosperous run.

"FOREVER AFTER."

"Forever After," a new play in three acts and seven scenes, written by Owen Davis and produced by Wm. A. Brady, is enjoying a very successful run at the new Central Theatre, on Broadway, near Forty-seventh street. The star, Miss Alice Brady, is the clever and talented daughter of the producer (Wm. A. Brady) and has returned to the speaking stage in a war play written especially for her by Davis. "Forever After" has been written under the influence of the photo drama, in that its structure is developed with the cut-back, somewhat in the style of "On Trial," and allows the star the center of the stage a greater portion of the time. Miss Brady has brought to the horizontal platform all the ability she displayed so long on the suspended reflector. She handles most of her "moments" neatly and her lines are delivered with a maximum of charm and a minimum of effort. Mr. Conrad Nagel, who plays the only other important role, attested to Mr. Brady's ability to choose thoroughly capable juveniles. The story concerns the idyllic love affair of a rather Tarkingtonian "Seventeen" pair, told inversely. The initial

scene is "No Man's Land," with Ted, the man, in a dying condition. He is in a delirium and he starts to live over the romance which is shattered by the girl's rich and ambitious mother. His struggles to succeed financially practically fail, and then he seeks to disillusionize Jenny about his love for her. After frequent flashbacks back and forth the last scene finally settles on the incident where Ted is brought in to Jenny, now a Red Cross nurse, as the astute in the audience had already guessed her to be. As the man begins to show a return to life she pours out to him her undying love. In this last act Miss Brady does her very best work, although in the others she leaves little to be desired. Conrad Nagel, as the soldier, gave an intelligent interpretation of a very difficult role. The remaining members of the cast gave splendid support.

"THE WOMAN ON THE INDEX."

George Broadhurst has written another dramatic masterpiece which, during its short run at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, has made a very favorable impression upon the New York public, and all critics seem to agree that this is one of the best plays that this master dramatist has ever written. The play is one of the best-constructed melodramas produced in many years and it holds the intense interest of the audience until the final curtain. The scenes of this gripping war drama are laid in Washington, the acting of the prologue taking place in the room of a thief named Louis Ganz. His wife, known as Sylvia Angot, is made to take booty from a bank. Police Captain Alden has traced the thief to the house and agrees to save her if she will aid him in the detection. The play is well staged by Edward Elsner, and the scenes in Ambassador Maber's Washington home and Deleasse's rooms in a hotel were in keeping with the atmosphere of the play.



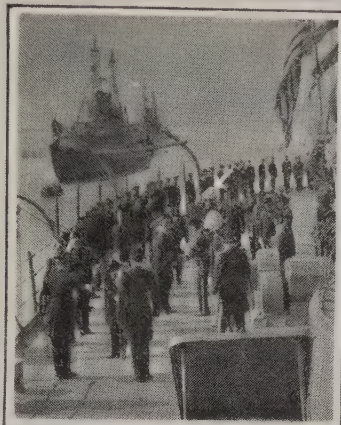
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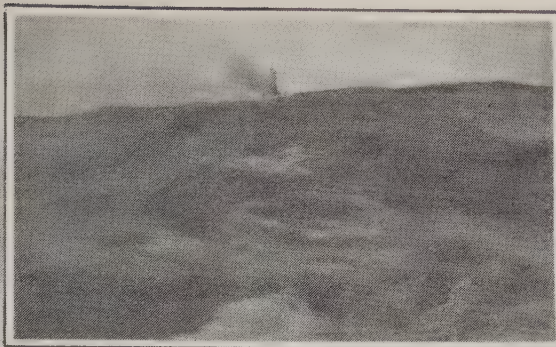
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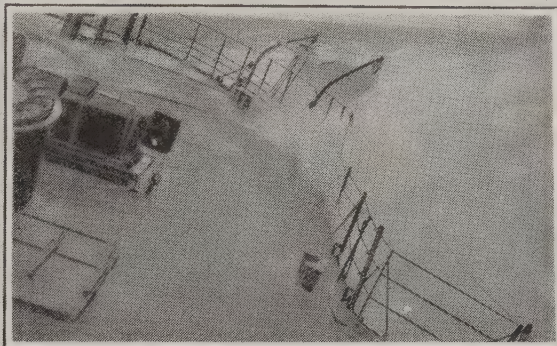
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BEAMS FROM BENSONHURST!

Show Provokes Applause.

The United Booking Office presented an all star bill of Keith acts. Mr. Jack Dempsey, their representative whose efforts in providing us with big time acts are greatly appreciated, was in charge. The Levy children in songs and dances opened the bill. These children live in the neighborhood, and have a clever act. They did not come with the rest of the bill. Gertrude Everett, in songs and dances, won the hearts of the men. She had an excellent act and wore a beautiful costume. Sam Nainoa, with selections on a Ukelele, was a riot. Carry Lille, in character songs, made a big hit. Brewster and dog gave a very interesting and entertaining performance. Embs and Alton in piano, violin and songs, were the biggest act in the bill. Their songs and harmony was a pleasure to hear. This act was a big treat. Ethel McDonnol in songs, was well received and had to respond to many encores. Neil McKinley's act kept the men howling with fun.

Boxing Tournament Coming.

Arrangements are being made for a monster athletic and boxing tournament. In addition to a fine card of boxing bouts there will be all kinds of track, athletic and stunt events. After the tournament a special turkey dinner will be given to all men on the Base. The principal bouts will bring together "Stockyards" Tom Murphy, middleweight champion of the Navy, and Al McCoy, both of this Base. This is the second time McCoy will be given a chance for the title. They are scheduled to go ten rounds. Another bout which is equally as good as the main is that between Young Rector of this Base and Young Cunningham of the Navy Yard, both clever fast men. Al Chemise of the Pay Office and Ianotti promise to furnish a real fight for six rounds. All these men are in training daily for the big show. Chief Jack Judson, matchmaker, will certainly have an excellent boxing show for that day.

Band Boosts Loan.

Bandmaster Shannon and the Base Six Band are busy every day boosting the Fourth Liberty Loan over the top.

We hope they will make a record this time. L. A. Zauner and his Jazz orchestra are also doing their bit along these lines. Mr. E. A. Ebel, navy song leader, has an elaborate plan for boosting the loan, and we hope he can still put it over.

Indisposed, Get Busy!

The Base Six Hospital has a new annex at Marine Field Club with accommodations for seventy-five patients. It is ideal for that purpose.

Bread That Shivers.

The new bake shop is now in operation, and Baker Shivers is turning out bread the same as "mother used to make."

To watch C. C. S. O'Grady moving around with his eyes glued to the ground one would suspect him of searching for the Kaiser's surrender. No. He is only looking for pits that go into the making of gas masks, and he has been very successful, too.

Fred W. Ely, C. Y., has left the pay office to enter the paymaster school at Pelham. Fred has the best wishes of everyone here, for he was liked by all. Ohliger, of the detail office, and Brimmer, of the captain's office, also passed the paymaster examination and went to Princeton.

Thespeans Prepare.

A large number of men of different talents were selected to participate in an entertainment on November 4, at the Hippodrome, for the benefit of the Naval Relief Society.

Several divisions of men from this base were in the Liberty Loan parade that marched from the Battery up Broadway. The men were treated with candy and cigarettes by the spectators before the parade started.

Men Assist at Explosion

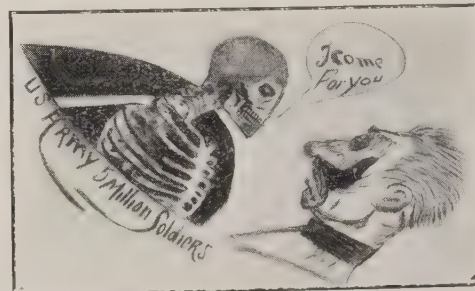
The disaster that destroyed the government shell loading plant at Morgan, N. J., gave extra work to the greater part of our regiment. Company after company were rushed over to keep order and assist in many other ways. Throughout the night and the following day the blasts were distinctly felt here. The Barracks would tremble and windows break with every large explosion.

Greenbaum Now Here.

We are exceedingly fortunate in having among us Chief Samuel Greenbaum from Alsace-Lorraine, an excellent cartoons, and who has made wonderful cartoons for the Fourth Liberty Loan that are being used in the show windows along Fifth avenue. Greenbaum spent four years in the French navy, and five years in the Sahara desert with the French army, as a military teacher.

No Tickle, No Shirtee!

The laundry of Base Six opened for business on September 4, and is being run by the enlisted men at this base.



Cartoon by Chief Samuel Greenbaum of the French Navy, who just arrived from Alsace-Lorraine.

SNICKERS FROM BUILDING 11

Did you get those batteries yet, Bob?

Chips MacIntyre's locker is still evacuated. "What's the matter, Nat; don't you shave any more?"

Count Michaelo Angelo Rossetti, our razor flinging expert, moans: "Chips! Des razor hees no gud; hees no wanna puta you to sleep."

Shorty Bradford is once more in his glory. How's the flivver working, Oliver?

"Nat" Goodwin, our international dancing star, is still trying to teach Bergman the chimi-shiwable! "You are light on my feet, Andy."

Jack Strain, our village blacksmith and horny handed son of the soil, is still wondering when certain exams are to come off.

Hey, Carlson, when is your extended furlough up? This includes you, Schuman.

(Continued on page 17.)

Red Cross Religious and Social Column

S. I. RED CROSS RENDERS FIRST AID AT EXPLOSION

Under Direction of Mrs. Wilcox and
Others, Organization Succors
Refuges.

The Staten Island Chapter of the American Red Cross, with headquarters in the old St. George Hotel, proved its efficient management and ability to cope with real war-work problems on October 5, by supplying doctors, nurses and conveyances for the injured in the midst of the havoc wrought by the explosions at South Amboy.

Early in the day Representative Simonson of the American Red cross Disaster Committee, received orders to send two ambulances and as many private cars as could be furnished by the motor corps to Rahway, N. Y., from which place they were to work. A Red Cross ambulance in charge of Dr. Walsh and the Staten Island hospital ambulance in charge of Dr. Goodwin and seven or eight private machines were dispatched immediately. A Dr. Riley of Brooklyn, was placed in charge of the work and headquarters were established at 256 High street, Perth Amboy.

As the refugees began to flock into St. George and Tompkinsville, Mrs. Wilcox and her co-workers made them as comfortable as possible by supplying food and places for them to sleep. At two o'clock yesterday, Mrs. Wilcox said that they could accommodate anywhere from three to four hundred people. At that time, there were about forty refugees in the chapter's work rooms. These were given food.

Word was received later in the afternoon that many people from the razed districts were in the St. George Ferry house, having no other place to go to. The Red Cross workers were immediately dispatched with sandwiches for these people and an invitation to come up to the headquarters was extended to them.

At this juncture it was announced that the police were urging people in Tottenville to return to their homes and keep all windows open, as the worst was over. The majority of them returned as soon as they could find train accommodations. Many of the homeless, however, were kept over night in the Y. M. C. A. and were provided for there.

Mrs. Wilcox was assisted by the following workers and members of the chapter: Mrs. M. Bell, Mrs. W. L. Voorhies, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Junior Gould, Mrs. Geo. Gregory, Mrs. J. W. Wood, Mrs. Chas. Baxter, Mrs. E. J. Bleezard, Mrs. Lyle, Mrs. W. S. Mayer, Miss Watson, and Mrs. G. W. Bates.

It was a pitiful mistake, an error sad and grim. I waited for the railroad train; the light was low and dim. It came at last, and from a car there stepped a dainty dame, and, looking up and down the place, she straight unto me came.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, "Oh, dear old Jack!" and kissed me as she spake, then looked again and frightened, cried:

"Oh, what a bad mistake!"

I said: "Forgive me madam fair, for I am not your Jack, and as regards the kiss you gave, I'll straightway give it back."

And since that night I've often stood upon that platform dim, but only once in a man's whole life do such things come to him.



AMERICAN RED CROSS CARES FOR WOUNDED

Mrs. Hammond, an American Red Cross worker, is shown serving water to badly wounded British Tommies, who are waiting to be taken to hospitals.

Y. M. C. A. ACTIVITIES.

Plans for the new Y. M. C. A. hut, to be erected on a plot of ground near the Corn Exchange Bank on Bay street, have been drawn. The erection of the building will begin at once. Further details will be given in the next issue.

Educational classes in stenography, typewriting, modern history, algebra, and geometry are open to all service men at the Curtis High School classes in navigation, and trigonometry will be started as soon as fifteen men

sign up. These classes are free. They are held Monday to Thursday inclusive, at 7:30 p. m. For further information see Secretary Cunningham at the Navy "Y" building.

"Shorty" lives in a town where you can't get alcohol except for medical purposes. Just to show you the kind of a guy "Shorty" is, he walked into a drug-store with a five gallon demijohn, planked it down on the counter and said, "Fill her up, Jeb, the baby's took bad."

TOPPING BROTHERS

122 CHAMBERS STREET

NEW YORK

Heavy and Marine Hardware

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT OCEAN'S WAVES

Why High Seas Are Dangerous and Why It's Easier to Row a Boat in Shallow Water.

By E. V. W. KEEN.

It has been figured out that the power of a wave is in proportion to its length and to the square of the height of its crest. Thus, if a wave 100 feet high has twice the power of a wave 50 feet high, when of the same length, a wave just as long but only six feet high has four times the power of a wave only three feet high. In other words, the height of the wave is the most dangerous element in a wild sea. This is the reason that navigators fear most of all the breakers—the tall waves.

A wave 300 feet long and nine feet high could take a body weighing two pounds and throw it more than half a mile in the air. If this wave were but eighteen feet high instead of nine it would be four times as powerful. When you consider that the surface of a ship may be 5,000 times the surface of a single wave, you begin to understand the problem of resistance which the constructing engineer has to figure in order to insure a ship's seaworthiness.

What we call waves—the folds in the surface of the sea—arise from two causes. One is artificial, due to the forward movement of the keel of a vessel; the other is natural, due to the friction of the wind. The stem, parting the waves, pushes the water to right and left, and the liquid thus rudely displaced vibrates and oscillates under the shock, giving rise to waves curling up in front of the ship. These waves are strong in proportion to the speed of the vessel. They die away in "echoes" as they recede from the ship, but continue to follow it, sometimes raising it, and making the forward movement more difficult.

But the principal cause of waves, and the more dangerous one, is the wind. That sleeping, watery blanket we call the sea seems absolutely still. But take a small magnifying glass and you will be surprised to see in it an infinite number of minute holes. These are infinitely small cyclones in miniature, which indicate that evaporation is always going on, as is also proved by the clouds floating over our heads.

As soon as the wind rises the evaporation increases, and the increasing number of ripples offer to the moving air more and more points of attack. In the centre of this roughness each liquid molecule, urged on by the air, tries to rise above the one which resists in front. Sliding over to the other side it finds itself sheltered from the friction which was driving it, and returns toward its earlier state of rest, thus trying to fill the void which its removal created. It will then be found to have described a minute circle in the air, analogous to that described by the stars.

The majestic ocean wave, which continues to run on in great liquid furrows, with rounded crests, even after the wind has fallen; that wave, which is the continuation of the impulsion given to the heavy masses of sea water by the tempest; that wave, which becomes more regular as it spreads out slowly and decreases its motion like a clock pendulum, gradually returning to rest after a push—that wave is nothing but the infinite tumbling of these minute drops of water in their orbits.

Picture a wheel in your room, with a nail sticking out at one side, so that as it runs along the wall it marks its

(Continued on page 22.)

U. S. S. AMPHITRITE.

And now, dear reader, you are wondering how the manuscript came to be on the Amphitrite. I have wondered about that, too. I have wondered and wondered. All I can say is that Amphitrite is a name closely connected with Roman mythology. Think about it a lot, dear reader, and let your imagination run riot, and perhaps you will have a dream as I did.

DEEP.

Carl and Johnny went to a swell dinner. The charming hostess addressed Carl, "Don't you love Omar Khayyam?" "Yes, but I prefer Chianti," came back Carl. Johnny writhed and on the way back to the ship the conversation was as follows: "Carl, when you get in over your head, why don't you keep quiet and leave it to me? A nice mess you made on that Chianti; Omar Khayyam ain't wine, it's cheese."

Our boarding officer reports as follows: It seems he was aboard of an outgoing Swede. "Going out with the convoy, captain," he offered, trying to be affable. "Ay doan go wid no convoy. Ay go alone," returned the captain. "You are distinctive, aren't you, captain," said the B. O. "Naw, Ay bane Swede," replied the master.

Cleveland wasn't much of a success as a captain's orderly. He was apt to be a bit loquacious in his reports to the captain. Frequent "bawlings out" finally bore fruit. He was ordered to report the disappearance of one of the buoys near the ship. "Sir, where the buoy off our port bow was, the ocean is."

Heard in the wardroom of a British battleship: "Y'know, Algy, I asked one of those Yankees if they had any idea how the influenza got over here, and he said, 'Yes, someone opened the window and influenza.' Queer bunch, these Yankees, don't you think, Algy?"

We have started a cubist club, and the boys on the bridge want to know if the gob who shoots the semaphore in the B. V. D. N. 9 won't be president.

O. D.: "Quartermaster, what is the ship's head?"

Q. M. (very softly): "Speaking of the ship's head, sir, thereby hangs a tale."

Verdent O. D.: "Messenger, go below and get a boat painter, and make it snappy."

Messenger (returning): "I found the boat painter, sir."

O. D.: "Well, where is he?"

Messenger (startled, but nothing daunted): "He's forward, sir, all doubled up in a knot."

We offer the following as an interesting bit of realized prophecy, taken from Winston Churchill's "Richard Carvil":

"Ere I had regained my health, the war for independence was won. I pray God that time may soften the bitterness it caused, and heal the breach in that noble race whose motto is Freedom. That the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack may one day float together to cleanse the world of tyranny."

I stepped out on deck, just in time to see "Tiney" Svenson putting the finishing touches on "Pewee" Clark. He had Clark's head safely wedged

under his left arm and was pumping his right for all he was worth. The kid was yelling something awful, "Hey! Cut it out, I got enough." "Hey there," I yelled, "Can't you hear him say he has enough? Let him go." "Yes I hear him saying he has enough, but he's such a darned liar, you can't believe a word he says."

CRAWFORD CRINKLES.

Someone said, during the course of a conversation, that the commanding officer of this banner was "the most quiet and docile little fellow in the division."

With that, up piped Summers, the algebraic quartermaster, known far and wide as the human logarithm. Summers is only 19 years old, wears a No. 12 shoe and has considerable gray matter promiscuously deposited.

"Well, it cost me fifteen days of my young life for thinking he was so darn quiet and docile, as well as easy, and so did Hill, the ex-Q. M. Hill discovered this when he asked for liberty to go to the funeral of his girl's friends' sister. He got beached."

"Ensign Caddell, McLaren, the executive officer, and Ceder, the engineer, will not have any one with bad habits aboard the ship."

"All three are total abstainers from everything (including work); they don't smoke anything (but cigarettes), and say, don't you remember how the skipper and the chief used to confiscate bay rum, among other things, during the early part of the war? Just to keep all hands from getting in bad habits! Anyway, bay rum is very bad for the hair."

"Why, when Mr. Caddell came out of the hospital last spring, he wouldn't even sit down for a week, unless there was a pillow on a chair. That's how good he was. Noziree, Mr. Caddell is a very, very good young man."

We want to know how it was that Machinist Ceder used to come aboard the ship with carnations to beautify his room. Ask the widdey; she knows!

Summers says as a result of his mad search for knowledge:

"If the Widgeon is 180 feet long and A equals X, and the Crawford's window is five and one-half inches wide in the perspective, then B equals A on the cubic surface of my foot, providing X plus 180 feet divided by the length of the Cardinal and subtracted from the total height of the Eiffel tower, gives us 1,450 feet when we are sweeping the ocean."

SALT FROM THE SPRAY

We Mourn Our Loss.

"Lily White," the mascot of the U. S. S. Spray, is now at rest in Davy Jones' locker along with our cat Kelly.

Sea, sea, sea, why are you angry wiz me?

E'er since we left, Dizzy Kid Glover, Swore that the ship was sure to roll over.

Sea, sea, sea, please don't be angry at me.

I gave you my breakfast, my dinner, you see,

So please leave my supper to me.

(Continued from page 15.)

Michael Schulman, our architect here, we notice, is following up the Scriptures, very accurately lately. The Lord helps them that help themselves.

Our smiling lieutenant, Mr. Nagle, is still pining for the sunny gates of Frisco. Did you get your oil stove yet, Mr. Nagle?

Colonel Zavity, our Bison City wood butcher, is still looking for information. Read the "want ads," Zav.; they frequently advertise dope.

How are the Brooklyn block parties, "Pop"? Don't let 'em throw you!

Sports

By H. E. P.

SWEEPERS WIN BALL PENNANT IN THIRD NAVAL DISTRICT

**Triumph Over Every Representative Team in Games
Played During Season.**

WIN TWENTYFOUR GAMES IN ALL.

Once again the Mine Sweepers have come into prominence in the sporting world by the molding of another championship team. The final game, a setting to one of the best baseball seasons ever seen in the service, was at it should have been, in respects to field, teams and the game itself.

On September 29, after the Mine Sweepers had disposed of all worthy contenders, they took on the Pelham Bay tars in the third and deciding game of the season, and likewise for the championship of the Third Naval District. The game was played at Crescent Field, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, and despite inclement weather, both teams played like contenders for championship honors, the Mine Sweepers finally emerging victors by the score of 1-0.

As to the game, it developed into a pitchers' battle from the time the "Umps" called "Play ball!" until the last man was out. Both pitchers, Schwartz and Lyons, had plenty of "stuff" and with the wind at their backs looked almost invincible. In the very first inning Pelham had a chance when Pfuer was out of the way, Schwartz issued his only pass and walked Bauer, who reached second on a passed ball. Schwartz then tightened up and struck out DeNilse, while Hepinstall gathered in Ode's drive to center field, retiring the side.

Again, in the fifth, Pelham had their best chance. Ode reached first on a hard hit ball to McCord who fumbled momentarily, Ode being credited with a hit. Sandberg attempted to sacrifice, but on a neat play of Shannon's Ode was retired at second. The former Philadelphia American League infielder made a wonderful stop and throw on this play. Finnigan, Pelham's hard-hitting shortstop, then singled to left. Schwartz, however, rose to the occasion and struck out McPartland, while Riconda retired the side by an easy catch of Hollingsworth's pop fly.

The Sweepers had an opportunity to score in the first inning, when Riconda led off with a pretty single. But Tierney made a miserable bunt to Lyons, who retired Riconda easily to second and doubled Tierney at first. Zitzman then fled out to center.

Again in the fifth inning, after two were down, Schwartz singled to center, and Hepinstall drove another into right field, but both men were left

stranded when Barry fell a victim to strikes.

It was in the "lucky seventh" that the Sweepers brought the championship to Staten Island. Shannon, the first man up, was a patient waiter and received a free ticket to first. McCord was instructed to sacrifice, which he did. Charlie Gross, the Sweepers' hard hitting backstop, came up swinging four bats and caught the first ball on the nose. The ball was hard hit and DeNilse was lucky to knock it down after a leap in the air. Shannon reached third and Gross first. With Schwartz up it looked bad for Pelham, and it was, for Hepinstall ordered the "squeeze play" put on, and Shannon flew for home as Schwartz laid down a roller to Lyons, who threw him out at first, it then being too late to nail Shannon, who had the honor of carrying over the winning run of the game and the last one of the season. The outstanding features of the game were the fielding of Lyons, who had no less than eight assists, and the fielding of Shannon, Zitzman, Hepinstall and Riconda, and the excellent twirling and batting of "Big" Schwartz.

During the season just ended the Sweepers played twenty-nine service games, winning twenty-four, losing four and tying one. They scored a total of one hundred and ninety-three runs to their opponents fifty-three. They also met and defeated many big professional clubs in this section in exhibition games. The season summary and score follows:

	Mine Sweepers.	Opponents	Runs.
May 27....	9	U.S.S. Amphitrite.....	0
June 4....	2	Mine Layers.....	1
7....	21	U.S.S. Minneapolis.....	0
11....	8	U.S.S. New Orleans.....	3
15....	5	U.S.S. Adams.....	1
19....	14	U.S.S. Charleston.....	1
20....	9	U.S.S. Amphitrite.....	2
22....	12	U.S.N. Gas Engine Sch.....	2
26....	6	U.S.S. Des Moines.....	1
July 6....	7	U.S. Marine Corps.....	0
12....	5	U.S.S. Chattanooga.....	3
14....	9	U.S.S. Chattanooga.....	2
17....	8	Bensonhurst (base 6).....	1
18....	16	U.S.S. Granite State.....	0
20....	7	Provision & Cloth'g base 0	0
23....	1	U.S.S. Cleveland.....	0
24....	10	Pelham Bay.....	1
27....	6	Provision & Cloth'g base 2	2
28....	9	U.S.S. Cleveland.....	2
31....	5	Armed Guard.....	4
Aug. 7....	8	U.S.S. Granite State.....	0
14....	1	Federal Rendezvous.....	1
21....	4	U.S.S. Amphitrite.....	5
24....	4	Pelham Bay.....	10
27....	10	U.S.S. Cleveland.....	2
28....	1	Camp Merritt.....	2
Sept. 4....	8	Armed Guard.....	6
14....	14	Federal Rendezvous.....	1
27....	1	Pelham Bay.....	0

BASKETBALL SEASON WILL START ON OCTOBER 18

The Mine Sweepers will open their basketball season at the Staten Island Academy in a game with Base No. 6, Bensonhurst, on Friday evening, October 18, at 8.30 p. m.

It is the intention of the management to run a weekly game and dance every Friday night. The Bensonhurst jazz band will furnish the music for the opening game.

The Mine Sweepers closed a very successful season last year by defeating Pelham for the second time, thereby winning the championship of the Third Naval District.

The games and dances that were held last year were very popular, and Staten Islanders are looking forward with keen interest to the season about to open.

The line-up will be slightly different, only these of the old team still remaining at the base, namely, Hepinstall, Driscoll and Thomas. New selections will be made from the following material: Joe Dreyfuss, Herm Schwartz, Maurice Shannon, Rube Marquard, Harry Riconda, C. Gross, Zitzman and Grimes.

RICONDA LEADS TEAM IN HITTING AVERAGE

Piles Up Percentage of 430 During Season's Ball Playing.

The following list of batting averages as compiled by a committee of baseball players from the official score book records show that Harry Riconda, our popular third baseman, led his team mates in this department of the game during the season just closed with the average of 400.

The official records show Charlie Gross, our popular backstop, and butcher, to have hit for the highest average of 458, but although he had played in a goodly number of games and hit remarkably well, according to the precedents of baseball, Riconda deserves the honor, having played in a greater number of games.

The records show that practically every regular member of the team hit over the coveted 300 mark.

The various individual averages follow:

Name.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	Aver.
Gross.....	7	24	4	11	.458
Riconda.....	18	65	18	26	.400
Hepinstall.....	19	65	11	12	.379
Zitzman.....	78	67	23	25	.373
Tasman.....	14	53	10	19	.360
Barry.....	12	41	7	14	.341
Robillard.....	2	6	1	2	.333
Shannon.....	11	38	11	12	.316
McCord.....	23	99	16	24	.288
Dreyfuss.....	8	21	2	6	.286
Schwartz.....	26	92	17	25	.271
Tierney.....	18	69	14	18	.261
Meaney.....	18	65	11	15	.231
Pineyree.....	27	90	14	20	.222
Vallossio.....	3	9	1	2	.222
Gladden.....	0	36	3	6	.200
Lyons.....	8	25	4	5	.200
Brown.....	2	7	0	1	.144
Stang.....	4	10	1	1	.100
Mason.....	8	22	3	2	.099
Wilson.....	1	0	0	0	.000
Marquard.....	1	4	0	0	.000
Atkins.....	4	11	0	0	.000

BIG SCHWARTZE LEADS TWIRLERS IN GAMES WON

Pitches 21 Games During Season
and Wins 17 of Them.

"Herm" Schwartz, our big pitcher, proved to be the mainstay in the box for our baseball team this season.

The big fellow had the hardest and most important games to work in. Despite this handicap, he showed his brother twirlers the way.

Joe "Cement" Gladden worked in but two contests and showed promise of being heard from in another season.

"Tasman," although on the winning end in the majority of his games, caused his teammates much anxiety by getting in holes, which it proved difficult to get out of. However, a couple of seasons under the wing of "Big Six" should either make or break him as a pitcher.

"Rube" Marquard pitched but one game, having reported late in the season. He pitched superbly and should have been returned a winner by the shut-out route, but errors at a critical stage by his teammates lost his only chance to break into the win column.

The pitching summary for the season follows:

Name.	Games.	Won.	Lost.	Per ct.
Schwartz	17	12	4	.750
Tasman	11	7	4	.636
Gladden	2	2	0	100
Marquard	1	0	1	.000

Wrestler Wins Army Promotion.

New York, Oct. 8.—Probably one of the quickest promotions on record in the army has been that of Ed. ("Strangler") Lewis, now a top sergeant at Camp Grant. Lewis gained the promotion, thanks to a display of courage the first day he entered the camp.

The famous wrestler was lined up with hundreds of other draftees, baggage in hand, when two husky uniformed men, looking the line over, began making fun of the recruits. Giving Lewis the once over, one of them remarked, "Pipe the fat bartender," while the other laughingly said, "He sure looks like a prize porker."

Lewis, flushed with rage, dropped his grip, and walking over to the first of the jesters, picked him up bodily, twisted him upside down and bounced his head on the ground, leaving him there, while he took a headlock on the other and threw him ten feet over the ground, and then asked the on-lookers if they wanted to sample any of his work. Getting no response Lewis again joined the line.

U. S. S. CULLEN ATTAINS 100 PER CENT. BOND AVERAGE.

Sixteen Men in Crew and Everyone Takes One or More Liberty Bonds.

The crew of the U. S. S. Cullen has set an example of practical patriotism heretofore unequalled in the Mine Sweeping Division, by going over the top in the Liberty Bond sale to the tune of more than \$2,000.

There are fifteen men and one officer in the crew of the Cullen. Every one of these sixteen purchased a Liberty Bond of fifty dollars or more. When Ensign Sanborn, the Liberty Loan officer at this base boarded the Cullen and announced that he had come to sell Liberty Bonds, there was a wild rush from the men. Up they came from engine room, bilges, coal bunkers, and rumors has it, fire boxes, all eager and ready to subscribe.

Fine work, crew of the Cullen!

MINE SWEEPING BOYS TRIED TO BE HEROES AT SOUTH AMBOY

(Continued from page 3.)

to, a man was brought in shot through the neck. This girl, who couldn't have been more than twenty years old, refused medical attention until the man had first been treated. After the wound was dressed she refused to go home, and went back to her car, saying that she could wait until her regular relief arrived."

Report to Army Commander.

When Lieutenant Menander and Mr. Smith appeared at the army headquarters, the arrival of the Mine Sweeping Division's party was reported and assistance was volunteered. The commanding officer of the army contingent declared that, while this assistance was appreciated, there was nothing that could be done, as thousands of men were now on the scene assisting in restoring order. A promise was received, however, that if any assistance should be needed the Mine Sweeping Division would be called upon. Both officers then returned to the rescue vessel and the impatiently waiting volunteers, and the men were informed of the statement of the officer in charge. There was a roar of disapproval and many voiced protests, but to no avail, and sadly and despondently returned to the base, arriving at 8.30 p. m.

FROTH FROM THE FOAM.

Painful Silence.

The black gang couldn't eat their chow to-day because they heard no arguments from the deck-swabs' quarters. (N. B.—Irish Smithy must be sick.)

Life on the Rolling Main.

Place.—Part of the North Atlantic Ocean.

(With apologies to the author of "Ten Nights" in a Bar-room and Other Sea Stories.)

Scene 1.—The Foam, a stalwart well equipped, queen of the roaring main, rises and falls majestically on the bosom of the ocean. A wire leads over her stern and to the further end of the wire is hooked up a queer looking object called the —. There are people on board that queer craft. No, she is not a lightship for she is moving, slowly it is true,—but moving. A number of begrimed figures are below her decks working hard. Yes, indeed, it is hard work to make steam out of water without good coal and firemen, but slowly she creeps abeam of the Queen of the ocean, the Foam.

Scene 2.—Deck of the Foam. Look-out man, Michalio Morano in crow's nest snoring. Ensign F., on the bridge roaring: "On the lookout, what's the matter up there, have you got the Spanish influenza?" Reply from C. N.: "No, sir, I didn't." Ensign F.: "Didn't what?" Voice from C. N.: "Didn't sleep, sir." Exec. groans aloud and mutters: "No belaying pins aboard, and even if we had 'em regulation forbids."

A True Story with a Moral.

Place—L. H. D., North Pier.

Scene—Regular ship. Regular gear on board and regular batteries too. Regular heat, lights and running water, in short regular comforts of home. Last but not least, a bunch of regular guys on deck.

Time.—Saturday, August 31, 1918, 8:05 a. m. A regular guy is seen rubbing aft stumbling as he goes,—in his

hand is something blue rolled up tight. He grasps up a regular signal halyard attached to a regular monkey-gaff aloft. He fastens the blue object to halyard with regular (?) hitches. He begins pulling halyard with regular jerks. The blue object unfurls—why it's a regular flag (the Flag of Flags), but look, the attention is now called to the crew of irregulars standing straight on the crooked deck of an irregular looking old craft. Why are their hands clenched? (That's not regular.) As flag goes aloft, puffs of smoke emerge from the mouth of a regular guy, a regular French briar stuck in the regular guy's mouth. Twenty-four irregular hindquarters belonging to twelve regular guys are seen sticking over the rail of the regular ship. Why not it's eight five a. m. Moral:—Don't try to imitate a regular guy—he may not be regular.

BARRACK BALLADS.

Guests, Just Guests.

Lady Visitor: "So this is the Mine Sweeping Division?"

Gob: "No, Madam, this is the Light-house Department. We are their visitors till somebody sits on the Kaiser."

Pending Hostilities.

Riconda and Shannon seem to be mixing it up most of the time. "Look out, 'Riccy,' you know what they say about the Irish, and he is a red-headed one."

The Wild Man's Return.

Chief "Oisem" is back with us again, fiercer than ever!

Fair Enough.

Van Name: "Well, au revoir."

Sutcliffe: "Carbolic acid."

Van Name: "Why do you say that? Au revoir means good-bye in French."

Sutcliffe: "Well, what about it? Carbolic acid means good-bye in anything."

"What's in a Name?"

O. D. Koop—Must be a hen keeper.

H. P. Cole—Why burn fuel?

M. E. Marsh—Soft, as it were.

J. F. Reiss—The underwear king.

J. P. Crowe—He's a bird.

A. Maggio—Sounds like an Irish wop.

J. Theat—Wish he would.

H. Horner—"Lil" Jack sits in a corner.

C. W. Wright—We hope he is.

C. E. Lloyd, B M 1, has been transferred to the "Cardinal." We mourn our loss.

Sutcliffe says a married man always makes the best husband. Satisfies us, Whitey.

Have you met "Dearie" from Neo Rockelly, Pelham's former pet? So nice, too.

Curnow has been heard practicing on his bugle in the power house lately. "What are you going up for, 'Happy' Bandmaster?"

Wanted: A bugler who can blow "Reveille" loud enough to wake Hepinstall. We have been unable to find one so far.

N. Sullivan wants to know why he can't celebrate an Irish New Year. Sorry, Neil, we've got enough New Years now.

Ben-on's latest excuse: "Ain't seen the folks in six days." Come stronger next time. Suggest that you have your folks move to O-hkosh, Oklahoma. A little mileage helps.

Loud knocks on barracks office door, voice inside: "Who's there?" Answer: "Treat the painter." Cyclops, "What'll we treat you to?"

The enlisted men of the base have been quarantined and have made up a new song, the title of which is, "Oh, for the Life of an Officer."

SEA CHANTIES

Compiled by Officers of Mine Sweeping Division.
Edited and Expurgated.

The Walloping Window Blind.

Oh! A capital ship for an ocean trip
Was the "Walloping Window Blind."
No storm that blew dismayed the crew
Or troubled the captain's mind;
And the man at the wheel was made to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow;
Though it often appeared, when the gale had cleared,
He'd been down in his bunk below.

Now the bosun's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement, too.
He played hop-scotch with the star-board watch

While the captain tickled the crew;
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,

For he sat on the after rail,
And he fired salutes with the captain's boots,
In the teeth of the booming gale.

Oh! The captain sat on the commodore's hat,
And dined in a royal way;

On toasted pigs and pickles and figs,
And gunnery bread each day.
For the cook was Dutch and behaved as such,

And all he fed the crew,
Was a number of tons of hot-cross buns,
Served up with sugar and glue.

All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore;
On the Rubbeley Isle, where the Rub's Gubs smile,

And the Rubbeley gub mugs roar,
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge

And gazed at the shining sea;
For the cinnamon bats wore water-proof hats
As they dipped in the shining sea.

On rug bug bark, from morn to dark,
We dined 'till we had grown
Uncommonly shrunk; then a Chinese junk

Came up from the Terribly zone.
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care,

And we cheerily put to sea,
And we left the crew of the junk to chew

On the bark of the rug-bug tree.

Yo! Ho! For old Rio;
Where the summer winds do blow;
For there's plenty of gold,

So I've been told
On the banks of the Rio Grande.
For there's plenty of gold,

So I've been told,
On the banks of the Sacramento!

There will be one or more chan-
tities in the Mine Burst every issue.
Contributions solicited.

A Gem From Mr. Johnson.

Hurrah for the Sailor Boy!
Hurrah for the fellow who sweeps the sea!
Who dares every hazard and chance!
With a steady eye on the long sea lanes,
Guarding the road to France!

COOK JOHNSON.

Base 8 Office Buys Bonds.

Another department at this base and squadron, the men of which have proved themselves 100 per cent. patriots, is Section Base 8 Office. There are six men in this office, which is the headquarters for the Liberty Loan drive at the division, and all six men have purchased Liberty Bonds.

U. S. S. AMPHITRITE

Camouflaged in a pair of dungarees, I descended to the double-bottoms. My mission was one of inspection only, so the discovery that I made was quite as astounding to me as the relating of it will be to you. Had I any choice in the matter, an attic, a regular old-fashioned attic, full of mystery and secrets of days long gone, would have been a more fitting place for the origin of the disclosures about to be made. Double-bottoms are such dark, dank, uninteresting places. But ships don't have attics, and anyway this is the way it happened.

Though cramped for room, I was progressing nicely through one of the forward compartments. I was thinking of how nice it must be to be buried alive, when my right foot, or to be more exact, the edge of the sole of my right shoe, in being scraped along the bottom, encountered an obstruction. I stopped to consider. My body had just passed over the same spot, and there had been nothing there. I worked myself around with much effort so I could get a better view of the offending obstruction. What was my consternation to behold, by the aid of my flashlight, a square of about four or five inches, apparently cut out of the bottom and protruding upwards some two inches. I considered again, but the longer I considered the worse my nerves got. In moving forward I must have inadvertently touched some button or spring that released the cube, in the bottom. Cautiously I touched the top of the cube and then gently, with both hands, lifted it out of its compartment. It was about three inches deep, and in no wise weakened or affected the ship's bottom, so for the present I decided to say nothing about it, and lugging my mystery with me, I eagerly emerged from the dark depths.

A half an hour with a chisel and a hammer and the rotten wood, though well bound with steel bands, gave way. There was one thing in the box, a parchment, somewhat mouldy and very yellow, but its script still legible. I made it out to be Latin. There had been a date on it, but the upper edge of the parchment was eaten away and with it the date, except the bottom of the letters.

It was two days later that I had completed the translating and deciphering of the script. I was at first disappointed and was going to keep my secret to myself, but finally decided that it was only fair to enlighten the world on a point that has stumped students of history for ages. So here goes. My translation is free, and as far as possible, couched in our twentieth century language.

The manuscript dealt primarily with one Nero and his doings upon a memorable night, when a great ancient city burned to the ground. The present generation is a witness of a powerful argument for the belief in the return of departed spirits. But, of course, that is beside the point, and is not concerned with the manuscript.

The scene was laid in the pool-room of royal Nero's palace upon the very eve of the historical conflagration. His Majesty was in an ill humor. He had lost heavily on the baseball game that afternoon, and was making a determined effort to recuperate at Kely pool, playing five dollars on the drop and eight bits on the kill. Nero was about seventy-five bucks in the hole, and getting madder every minute. Three sidels of Munchner had not served to steady the royal eye and hand. Earlier in the evening Falsus Alarnus had been dragged out to have his ears cut off for dropping himself on the break. There wasn't much

pleasure in playing anything with the King. "How'd ya get that way?" yelled his Highness, when McManus killed him on a three ball combination bank shot. "Off with his head," and he waved Mac out with his cut.

It was at this point in the game that the faithful Poppea edged her way to hubby's side, and whispered, "Sire, the fire sirens are blowing, the fun is on." The scowl left Nero's face, a wild light shone in his eyes. "Enough," he cried, tossing his cue on the table. "Orderly m' fiddle," and followed by the ever present Poppea, he jumped into the nearest elevator for the roof," and he nudged his helpmate playfully. "Ay, Sire, thou shouldst play tonight as thou hadst ne'er played before," encouraged Poppea. "What scenery, what a setting for my latest song. O, Pop, rarely does a composer ——" But he could wait no longer, as he gazed out over the glowing scene. He sank his fiddle into his double chin, and broke out into the stirring strains of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." Over and over he played it, his body swaying to the rythm. He seemed oblivious to all except the spirit of the song. The sight of another sidel, which Poppea had ordered for him, brought his majesty back to earth. "Deus Meus, Pop, what a hit, what a hit."

And so it is settled beyond a question. We know what Nero played while Rome burned, and we know more. Although it has long been suspected that that was the song, no one ever dreamed that Nero wrote it, and that Rome was burned to furnish a setting for the song. The scene was not the inspiration for the song. All ye historians rest ye in peace upon that point.

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GRAPHIC STORY TOLD BY SOLDIER TO FRIEND IN LETTER.

Member of Mine Sweeping Division Hears From Relative Now in Base Hospital After Being Gassed.

A member of the Mine Sweeping Division has received from his cousin, now abroad with the expeditionary forces, the following graphic communication relative to the occurrences which transpired during the month of August in "No Man's Land."

The recipient of this communication is one of those unusual and singular individuals who dislikes publicity. Consequently he has requested that his name be withheld.

The writer tells of being gassed and is now convalescing in a base hospital some miles south of Paris.

The letter follows:

Dear John:

While lying here in one of the base hospitals I have plenty of time to write to my many friends, so I am going to tell you a few happenings in the past months.

We were ordered to a certain busy section and my company took over the most advanced position. It was situated between two large hills, one held by the Allies and the other the Boche. In order to get to our position we had to cross one of the hills which was perfectly flat on the top and in open view to the Boche observation balloons. This plain he continually swept with gas and high explosive shells. Luckily we succeeded in crossing the plain without a casualty, but when we started down the valley three shells broke right in the center of the company and several members went west. Nevertheless we had to keep going as we hadn't reached our position as yet. All the time machine gun bullets were whistling all about us. After several hours we succeeded in reaching our position on the edge of a forest, the shells flying so thick we had to dig ourselves in, every one for himself. We dug holes in the ground representing grooves, using everything available, including steel helmets, mess kits, bayonets and shovels. We lay in these holes partly protected from the flying shrapnel and it didn't afford very much cover as we found several of the boys severely wounded lying in their dug-outs, while in others we had to bury their previous owners. All about there was a mixture of dead bodies; American, horses and Boche. Still he kept shelling us with high explosives and gas.

We lay there five days holding this position, three days without food, when our relief arrived. We started back to the reserve lines, but the shell fire was terrible and we had to lay in a small vale (two companies) and did not dare to stand up as we were under observation by enemy aircraft and one slight movement would bring a shell in the midst of us. As it was, large pieces of shrapnel were falling all around us. Thus we lay for fourteen hours in the boiling sun without food or water. It was well after dark when we received orders to move. This we needed no second invitation to do.

We were in reserve two days when I was taken sick and was sent away in an ambulance, passed. Now I am resting in a base hospital south of Paris, recovering rapidly, and by the time you receive this letter I will be back in the line fighting for the good old U. S. A.

Will close, hoping you are enjoying the best of health,

Your cousin,

John A. Butler,
1st Sgt. B Co., — Inf., A. E. F.

SHELL SPLINTERS.

BY J. R. W. SMITH.

See by the papers that the eGrmans have a new automatic range finder.

This should be very useful in torpedoing hospital ships and bombing churches.

"Risks are too great for the Germans to run."—News Headline.

We think the greater the risks, the faster they'd run!

The German Crown Prince is said to be tired of the war and thinks it should be "brought to a close as soon as possible."

He merely awaits the "coup de disgrace"!

"Thorough mastication has become a weapon against thhe Allies," says the Gottstrafedeallies Volkszeitung.

"Gott strafe these short rations," says Fritz. "I will BITE!!! them thirty-two times!"

A civilian asked us the other day (he'd not been long in the country) if it was proper for him to take off his hat to the American flag.

When he got to the hospital we told him that it was the custom to take off one's coat as well as one's hat for the American flag, especially in these strenuous times.

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(Continued from page 17.)

curve, and you will have described the curve of a wave or of the molecule of water in it. If you measure the distance from the lowest mark made by the nail to the highest you will have the height of the wave.

This undulation is not, however, fixed. If you look at a wave it at first seems constant, like the tracing on the wall by the wheel, but after a little it seems to be in a different place, being displaced horizontally. The fact is that without leaving their orbit the particles of water have all turned about at the same angle, and thus, when all have described the semicircle, the hollow of the wave is substituted for the crest and the crest for the hollow.

All of these regular shapes or undulations are merely form limits reached when the wind which roused the waves has fallen. But when it rises and acts upon a quiet surface, this is how the water is set in motion:

First come what the sailors call "cat's paws"—little ripples on the surface. The push of the air is not equal at all points upon the liquid molecules, and local conditions cause the ripples. Then the higher ripples offer more surface to the wind, and, growing higher, begin to break. The hold of the wind increases as it grows stronger; the wave molecules run faster than those in the hollows, catch them, swallow them up and become larger. Some have been caught more perfectly by the wind, and rise higher, while between are lower waves, moving more slowly. When the wind falls the subsidence of the angry waves is gradual but constant, until at last tranquility is restored by the absorption of the wild wind power.

What takes place on the surface of the ocean is repeated to a less degree in the depths. The orbits of the molecules of water are circular, but smaller, until reduced to zero, when we have absolute repose. The calm of the depths is not always at the same distance from the surface. It depends upon the amount of agitation on the surface, deepening with it. As a rule, if a submarine goes down to one-half the length of the wave on the surface the orbit described by the watery particles is one-twentieth of that on the surface, and a relative calm has begun. If the swell is 300 feet from crest to crest and nine feet high, at 150 feet depth the waves are only an inch high.

If the bottom of the ocean is not very far from the surface the agitation of the water will be considerably modified, and the bed itself may be stirred. This explains the fact that inclosed bodies of water like the Mediterranean, Black and Caspian seas have shorter, choppy waves than the broad and far deeper oceans. The friction of the body of water upon the solid bed acts as a resistance force and prevents the long sweep of waves.

This same fact has a direct influence upon the movements of ships, for where the sea is shallow far less power is needed. The ship has to push the waves in front of it and to right and left, and where the resistance is made greater by deeper waves the power needed is increased.

For instance, in crossing the English Channel from Calais to Dover, when the ship leaves Calais it requires less steam to get up speed, because the sea is shallower on this side of the channel and the actual amount of water to be displaced is less than on the British side, where the sea is deeper and the waves run to greater depths, retarding the advance of the ship. It is also notable that the waves produced by the ship are much shorter over the shallower part of the sea than over the deeper portion.

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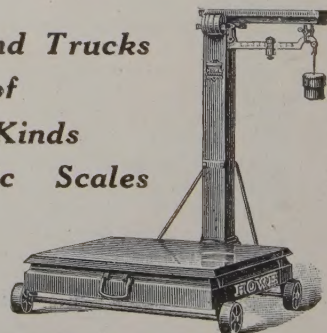
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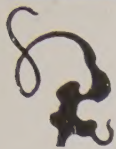
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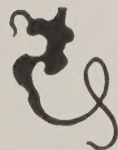
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Those of us who are bearing the lighter part of this great war burden must realize that it is not enough to raise and train an

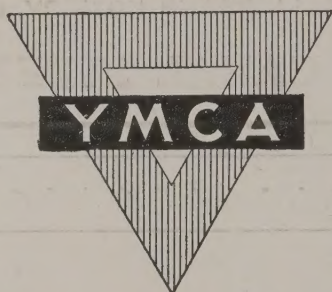


2,500,000 letters are written every day on "Y" Stationery

our fighting men and for providing medical aid to those who are wounded. It will give just as freely when it understands that without the games, shows, stores, reading, educational courses and home comforts which the

army. It is not enough to feed and clothe our men. It is not enough to care for those who are wounded. Soldiers are people, not machines. They must be kept mentally fit to make them efficient.

It has been demonstrated—is being demonstrated all the time—that the nation gives freely for the building of ships, for the manufacture of munitions, for the housing, clothing and feeding of



"Y" provides, all this other giving will be futile.

Consider yourself in relation to your own work. Suppose you were taken from your job, removed to another town and put to work. Suppose at the end of each day's work you ate your supper, went to bed, got up in the morning, had your breakfast went to work and kept this up for weeks and months—nowhere to go in your idle time; nothing to do; no friends who cared about you. How long could you keep it up? How long could you do your work? That would be the soldier's life without the "Y."

Somebody said, "beware of the army that sings." Armies do not sing in response to orders. They do not sing because of the joy of fighting. They sing because their spirits are high, because they are mentally, morally and physically fit; and it is this condition of mind and body, this building up and maintaining of the morale of our men, which is the deciding factor between a victorious and a defeated army.



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